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For our readers' unity we gratefully acknowledge the cover design by Dave Lowery of the new Third Ear Band LP, "Niche" on DME's Harvest label.

There is the natural high
 JUDY
 cry, high,
 tear, high,
 scream, high,
 moan, be silent, full ahead,
 here, be silent,
 deep out,
 work, be a head,
 keep on, grooves,
 grooves, grooves,
 fast, fly,
 even, speed,
 protest, speed,
 over gas, over up,
 creep, creep,
 or just be successful
 don't go there
 (by courtesy of Alan Statham)

do it to Marmalade Records

The July 8th Marmalade is releasing ...

"Stemulator"

John Denset and the Essex August Trinity

"It's only for a moment"

Edmond Toss

"Battered Blue (again)"

Clare Barber Band

"5,000 years with Uncle"

Onkie Porter

"Thinking Back"

Gordon Jackson

"Extrapolation"

John McLaughlin

"Oh, Lord P"

Spectacular Mass Ensemble

"100% Proof"

The Marmalade Sampler—mixed 14 track

MARMALADE BRINGS MUSIC TO A HEAD



"Rolling Stone is shit," cried Jane Nicholson, "except not an Underground player" as G2 and I went home.

Well, the friendly polemics might have ended, "you see four letter words like rock and fuck and dope, don't you?"

Poor baby. It's awful to be so misunderstood. You just want to talk about music and fucking and dope, that's all. We know you have no intention of overthrowing the Vichy government, nothing is clearer than that English Rolling Stone press is no threat to any political institution of any kind. "Roll, enter, events of the past would prove even to you that Rolling Stone had better involve some political message and subversive knowhow, because when the Man decides he wants you for saying fuck and all that, he isn't going to shake with the underground whom they slave you, let alone whether you think you belong."

Recent publicity in the Midway Music (and for the Liveries, filled these paragraphs with letters & slogans, when Mike Pessen noticed these with a class shortly after Terry Wilson's mid-80s letter was mainly about how much more comfortable it was than the Roundhouse he was forced here at being (since in they didn't want one "superfrank", were after underground, didn't want to know after some ago they were let in, but, just as subversive as they had been accused).

The real reason why Mike Nicholson and Maria Ballroom want to cross outside themselves from the underground is that they have to make money. Both want to be allowed to keep on making it, and that means keeping in with the cops and with the owners of dope, rock and booze. Society will punish a foolhardy but not a house full of happy fuckers: the kids will be allowed to have their fun at the Liveries when their limit set for adults. (Lynette makes high school, before, and this one is a 4N minute point sub-logic with flash-colored lights and swirling music sometimes more obscure).

From anything the underground has ever spontaneously written. To an hippie and his hippies rolling releases around inner city's Midway parties, who have them, almost like the memory of police collaboration in the Roundhouse, and UFO seems another part of Summer '87. The Midway's Court (even associated with John Paul's name without his consent - a trick more underground than ever before) at the Liveries is deemed, because the underground that they risk for a pound a head will keep using it as a semaphores, to keep up dope, or drug or sex trade or, despite the formal presentation of the square underground. The underground will cooperate with the police to show their good faith, and the police to show their good faith. Who the hell cares?

Despite the few English letters which were comfortable, it would be used if "Rolling Stone" asked, as they are sure to do if they try to show the cause of rock and the

Establishment simultaneously. In America it is clear that this divided loyalty is a no-no, as Jane Joplin pointed out with her comment on the release of her new book and here, because persecution is less subtle and less painful than in England. In England Mike Nicholson is tempted to please everybody all the time if she can get away with it, but she's playing poker in the dark. Once a player avoids any principle of consistency for survival, she won't want to do it but we don't want to lose the principle of consistency, it jeopardizes the integrity of its author's principle.

It's better to print and be damned, because you'll be damned anyway.

It is actually impossible for any paper worth reading to satisfy all the Man's requirements for trouble-free material, so it's especially better to give him as much trouble as possible. The business of the situation may be gauged from an example. Some time ago G2 did an article which would have given a thing, a deliberately disgusting form, a policy, a possible last (unhappy) and a more possible mission from the center. While still working from the self-interest of G2, we wanted for something as close as possible and but the paper and G2's copies after all. If Rolling Stone decides to print only what is acceptable to Washington (that's the Paper's & Publication), you'd be better off giving your two-minute to the old guy falling to play the violin in Stoker Square.

The underground is not simply some sort of safety club that Jane Nicholson and Maria Ballroom have refused to join. It is about the life, before the Establishment knew it, and the underground is the small, on the box, and changes easily for money, a female, the man that the cry (after his pin down with four-fifths, several copies over and through under plan of glassed steel and concrete). Where it happens in the Underground it is known as dirt. It is used as a repository for waste, shit, shit, dead bodies. From convenience to convenience through the old conventional but because we all as darkness, crawl, it exists, the coming, underground, innermost Underground. Most things that live in it are destroyed by it and lost. Some are so primitive that their systems of sexual distinction and forms of reproduction are utterly confused. They crawl and grope in the humming darkness, their ungrappled, unremembered paths intersecting occasionally and tunneling on. No signposts because there are no strangers and nothing to point at. You may take refuge there from the catastrophes of the overground. No belief in the things when the men meet.

Analysis between subculture and the techniques of leaders led to the coming of the time to describe groups formed in secret to undermine tyranny, particularly groups with a large organizational network, which, like a male's system of tanks, is impossible to trace, even if interested. The term was

used for the neo-establishment newspapers, for UFO and Middle Earth, because they were let every consumer to satisfy their own requirements, which were not the comfortable ones of profit by individualism. The additional content of these publications was at first negligible, and in some cases still is, but confrontation is political environment, and by trying to do their own thing, the phenomenon now defined as underground pretty soon discovered the machinery of repression. The political character of the underground is still anonymous, because it is primarily a demand for freedom to move, to test whatever forms of authority to find if they were profitable, and if they are more satisfying, more creative, more positive than were elsewhere under the system. This partly explains the lack of ideology which sometimes is added with the growing pervasiveness of the underground, provides now developing into hegemony, with the threat of violence.

It is commonplace to remark that's not fairly decided why any use the force of this generalized darkness it is establish a more private or explicit end, but so far the difference between Stoker's revolution, Major revolution, Stoker's revolution and revolution for the hell of it, but only resulted in grotesquely confused obscuring within the underground. The Establishment however will hope in with that the underground will destroy itself: the sign of internal destruction was the sign of performing the complexity and inertia are quickly proved only by the Establishment. It is in our interests to let the police and their accomplices go on believing that the underground is a conspiracy, because it increases their paranoia and their inability to deal with what is really happening. As long as they look for magazines and documents they will with their mark, which is that proportion of every personality which belongs in the underground. That is what responds to the peculiar poetry of rock, and feeds on the uncertainty of the unlimited possibility. To stress that, it would be necessary not just to kill it all the prophets of the new thing, but to utterly eradicate the memory.

The people who belong to the underground all the time are very few, but almost everybody has spent a week there. The Establishment has to draw boundaries from it, and so plunders it and plunders by, the underground. Despite the vital patronage of Elektra, Transistors, Polytek, EMS, Truck, Apple, the Indian Revenue and Radio 1, the underground remains uncharted, unavailable, unrenewed, first unapproachable. If every head who dares to be it today were to deny it tomorrow it would seem odd.

Mike Nicholson may tell the facts: anything the please - for each knows better.

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"From Leonard Rossiter a superlative comic performance in the title role" *Financial Times* 10.12.1969



CAMP US.

then debated rums
and problems in
Scotland and now
at 4.25 p.m.

WHO CARES ABOUT SEX?



jeremy

The magazine for people who don't care about sex !

SEND FOR DETAILS :

66 BOLSOVER STREET LONDON W.1

LOADED?

Bob Proichard

There were several members of the County Police Force at each end of the narrow alley. They were hiding behind garden walls, uncomfortable under bushes, and up in the trees, waiting. A Police Pictorial had examined the facts at the case of the "Blackhead Lane Slayer" and had decided that it was inevitable that the killer would attempt to strike again, soon. The Police had therefore decided to prepare a trap. A decoy, Policewoman Elsie Greenwell, would walk this way each night until the killer showed. That would be the second night.

The three victims had all been young girls, attractive, and under twenty-three, as was Miss Greenwell. The bodies had been found in this last ten to twelve hours after they had been reported missing. Or, rather, parts of these bodies had, for they had been mutilated beyond recognition. All that had been left of these five young girls had been a

pile of crushed bones, a smear of blood, and a few teeth, from which identification had been proven.

As the policemen waited a cat stalked the night air across the lane, playing with its tail. It purred at the side, snuffing vigorously, tail crooked and twitching nervously.

Not one of the policemen noticed when the cat disappeared, nor did one notice later when a small mass of blood and bones lay steaming on the surface of the earth, in the centre of that dark lane.

A car drew up slowly. The decoy, slighted, unscathed, and in the men grew tense with anticipation, started to look along the darkness, heads clicking on the gears.

There was an ear-splitting shriek, then the ground beneath her feet cracked open. Fingers of earth gripped her ankles and started to pull her into the blackness. She screamed, locking her legs wildly, but the earth entwined around her legs pulling her

deeper into its bosom. The men too started to move at first, moved slightly and moved forward, bumping into each other in their haste. Chaos.

As the first man reached her the earth covered her mouth. An attempt to scream through the soil she succeeded only in producing a feeble gurgling sound.

Before any man could find a suitable gap on her head it disappeared beneath the soil. The men stood around the bubbling earth, stunned and powerless.

The ground bubbled wildly for a short while, then grew calm and still. Much later the earth coalesced and revealed the remains of the female body. It lay on the ground, a circular mass of bones, frayed with a splintering of blood, and one flat pair of N.H.S. dentures.

The earth belched, then fell asleep.

A NIGHT'S DREAM

*Her gestures humble cheeks round the moon
Filled with caressing eyes, while
The pungent stench of cheap perfume
Obscures the black aftermath of a smile*

*In the dark when the light had been flicked off,
I read by my bulbous flame
The story of my life, as if the same
Old story had rendered a quirk,
A fusion of all that glimmered in my brain,
Ears, bells, knees and throating awe
It started with a flourish
I call it that — made
Of overtones of a randy boy.
Max only knows the feelings that I had
When all the other kids, my pals,
Kicked footballs in the streets,
Streets filled with paper and with dung,
They wanted to kick balls,
I wanted to rest next to a cunt
And spinning from the first attempt
To down the spark expired
I then remembered Nancy's tits
Big, beautiful, open*

*Plastered beneath their tweeded as my hands
Like perfect jellies
She was not the first I'd felt
But then she was the best*

*In the privacy of the open night
One male grandfather dove
His power house with a quick shove
And the lady's shudder Love?*

Alan Bold

THINGS TO SEE IN LONDON

First notice the adverts — London's greatest free show

One says PROTECT YOUR LIFE

INSURE YOUR LIFE

Another says GET A BETTER JOB & MORE PAY

One says that WHIGLEY'S ads concentrate

And another says WARNING

Obstructing the doors of the train causes delay
and can be dangerous. Any interference with
the doors is an offence against the RYELANS

If after this show you feel like doing, swallow hard
or visit the WIMPY bar in Waterloo station
which is run by an Indian in a white hat

Next day instead of going to the zoo walk down Oxford
Street and see where the pigeons sit on the road
like a flock of sheep on a bit of spare the stupid
traffic hasn't noticed

If you feel like a day out try Alderhot.

If you want to see some graphic art, for 9d you can
visit each of the cubicles of the men's lavatories
at Waterloo station

One of the best spots if you want to write a postcard
or scribble a word or poem is a bench in the
station. That is where I've written this

You can spend the night here

Don't go to the Brook Green Labour Exchange or the Social
Security at Holland Park. They won't give you
anything without you've got enough stamps or waiting
half a day. I don't have that much time.

It gets rather cold in Waterloo station about 2 am

But if you stick it out you can see the view from
Waterloo Bridge at dawn. It's OK.

Peter Brown

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hipocrates

QUESTION: When can I get myself

CATASTROPHED? I'm tired of sex. I hate sex, I don't want to be coerced by women any longer! I hate the two-facedness, doublethink, hypocrisy. I can't stand living in the Soviet. Doublethink is my lower sex is diminished and is lowered sex is dirty, sex is fun, if I ask her or imply that I want sex, she screams! What? You think I'm a **PHAGAW?** But if I don't ask her and so last sex like I don't want sex, and I have tried that she says: What? I'm NOT **DOING** **ANYTHING** for you!

I think all men should be destroyed. The Church should be destroyed, the educational system, the family, the state, the culture, male supremacy, money, computers, the TV, Power, the police and the courts should be destroyed as the only way in which we can live in a sexually free society. Maybe we should all have to be brought up nude to diminish the sex hang-up. And why should we hide it? To attract this social atrocity and hypocrisy, mass of people should fuck in the street!

But in the meantime, I can't stand it! Will a hospital on it? I don't mean just removing the tubes. I mean cutting off the clitoris and the sc. so there won't be any more desire for sex. Would I still be able to feel? What would happen if I did it myself? Is there any way to put the sex organ to sleep to eliminate the pain?

ANSWER: I think you should call the Department of Mental Health of your country or City Health Department to learn of available services available to you. Other sources of information are the local medical society or the nearest medical school. Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.

QUESTION: I am writing to you in regard to my weight problem. I am 22, five feet six inches tall and I weigh 134 pounds. I would like to weigh 125 pounds. I have been as heavy as 140 pounds and really have had no trouble losing the last six pounds but the second one is a problem.

I perform jellies as my boyfriend has average of four times a day. My girlfriend told me the average caloric value of gum is 100 calories. It is true that I am gaining pounds by ingesting it myself! Should I save an account of this and ask it to my chart?

ANSWER: Dedicated medical researchers have found that the average caloric value of a volume of 2 to 5 cubic centimeters — about a teaspoonful, since the caloric value of a teaspoonful of pure sugar is only 16. It would seem likely that these "jellies" combined with the sugar boyfriend lead to a net caloric gain for both of you.

*Fellatio is a crime (punishable in California by prison terms of 1 to 14 years for each offense. Most other states have similar statutes.

QUESTION: Could you explain please the results of a testosterone spasm on for either a male or female homosexual. Is it possible to develop a penis for a woman or a vagina for a man?

ANSWER: To answer your question briefly, it is possible to construct an artificial vagina for a heterosexual male but not a penis for a heterosexual female. In a male the penis and testicles are surgically removed and an artificial vagina constructed, usually from the lining of the stomach. Female hormones are given to cause enlargement of the breasts and a decrease in facial hair.

In female, male hormones are given to increase the amount of facial hair and to deepen the voice. The breasts are often surgically removed but thus far no technique has been developed to give a penis to a transsexual female.

QUESTION: I have six children and would like to find a way to please my soul mate with a more sexual area to assist in sex. Do?

My physician told me that I had an unusually good pelvic floor for having had so many children. I believe that means I have exercised my vaginal muscles but I think I have accumulated all that can be done that way. My husband is eager and says it doesn't make that much difference. Is it?

Incidentally I called my doctor to ask if I could have some kind of surgical repair. But the nurse I had to call it through was grossly offended, wouldn't bother the doctor with it and called me a "concocted case."

How do I turn up right again, girl?

ANSWER: If there's any generation here I suspect from the name and not you. I think you should bring this matter directly to the attention of your physician — he may not know the facts having done by his name.

Surgical procedures are sometimes performed in a case such as yours and a gynecologist could give you a definitive answer.

HIPPOCRATES is a collection of letters and their answers now published by Grove Press at \$5.00. Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters/questions, write to him c/o PO Box 3002, Berkeley, California 94709. Mark your letters Q2.

POVERTY COOKING

After the gastroscopic operation of last month, our expert offers a couple of recipes, delightfully simple and morally explicable, which might have come straight from the pen of George Orwell's *Zen Cookery*. Macaronis do not necessarily come brown rice and horrid stews in a dump North Kensington basement. Eat cheaply, grow happy and fat, and talking into account that you are living in London in the middle of the 20th century, grapple once more with the yin-yang principle.

Rocked Rice. Serves Five.

Total cost: 2s. Although some healthful shops charge as much as 1s. 9d, you should not have to pay more than 1s. 6d. for rice, for you.

Ingredients: Two cups of short grain brown rice, three cups of water, 1s. teaspoon salt, 1s. teaspoon Tarragon sauce.

Method: After washing the rice, place it in a dry frying pan, and roast it until it is golden and begins to pop. Then place all the ingredients in a saucepan and bake for 45 minutes at a 350 degree oven.

If you think that this sounds just too dull for words, melt as much lard as you can afford (but no more than 1s. 6d) in a spoon with a little corn or sesame oil, and stir it in instead of the Tarragon sauce. Call it Rice Delight, and make sure you lick out the bowl.

Eggs in Batter. For four.

Total cost: 2s. 6d.

Ingredients: 4 eggs. Use only fertile eggs from hens which have been organically fed. Don't despair, cracked eggs from Sainsbury's will do, and despite what you may have heard from your macaroniist friends, it is not essential that the hens were in the lotus position when the eggs were laid. For the batter: 1 cup of wholemeal flour, 1 cup of water, a pinch of salt, 1s. teaspoon corn starch.

Method: Mix the batter, not worrying too much about lumps. Put 1s. of the batter into a small bowl,

into which you then break one egg. Gently scoop batter around the egg and then quickly flip the egg and batter into deep oil, not enough to cook the batter, but not to overcook the egg. By the time you've done the fourth egg, you've probably worked out how to do it perfectly.



SEE Heiweynus Merkin
fall in love with the owl song
Good Time Eddie Fish.

SEE Heiweynus Merkin
fall for the tantalising symphony
Merry Humper.

SEE Heiweynus Merkin
fall into the arms of
Polyester Pootang,
Filligree Fendle and just
about every girl who dared
to listen to him sing.

SEE Heiweynus Merkin's
mam fall off her rocks at her
singing, dancing and
incredible performances.

HEAR twelve new songs,
justifying the voice of death
as he sings the enchanting
'Where You Gotta Go You Gotta Go'

HEAR Uncle Lighthouse
sing the beautiful pastoral
ballad 'Proceedably Lark'

HEAR your conscience tell you
to miss this film the first chance you get.

TELL it to go to *****
See it!

© 1967

Adrian Newey and the White Bird.

"The Heiweynus Merkin and the Owl Song and the Owl Song."

Adrian Newey and the White Bird. © 1967

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BY JOEL RALEIGH, EDITOR

THE GREAT HIPPIE HOAX

Stripping the petals off the Flower Children reveals them to be floundering in a cesspool of sex, half-crazed with weird drugs, parasitic, selfish, diseased and above all—coldly calculating!

a report to the people

The germination for this book as a public service document began several months ago in San Francisco in the twilight of a raw and blustering day.

In a state of hallucinatory coma, a young woman had been brought by an ambulance to the city hospital. Bubbling and screaming, the patient was utterly oblivious of sights and sounds outside of herself.

Stripped of all the verbiage by toxicologists, by officers who had filled in the proper forms, by surgeons, by the hospital's own records as prepared by nurses, the facts of the case were as follows:

For the purpose of this report her name is Ella Wilkos, aged 17.

She was listed under the archaic heading of "spinster," but as shall be seen she was anything but that at the time of her arrival at the intensive care sector of the hospital.

She was lying nude when she was found on the grubby floor of a foul tenement basement in the notorious Haight-Ashbury District, feeding grounds of an estimated 60,000 hippies.

Her body was a classic of splendor—except for several factors.

Her belly was distended with pregnancy and it was later determined she was approximately in the fifth month.

Startling at the top end rearing down, her once-golden hair was crawling with body lice. The hair itself was matted and gummy and stank of perspiration.

Her ears were clogged with filth that had accrued on the natural wax and her hearing was somewhat impaired until washing with high-powered syringes brought out blobs of congealed sediments.

Her teeth were rotting and her breath was foul from noxious gases stemming from her stomach and internal organs. Her teeth hadn't been brushed for several months, it was plain to see, and were stained with cigarette and marijuana secretions.



Her globular breasts were bitten severely and the left one had a festering sore with a tooth mark revealed about the nipple. Lactation had set in and it was apparent that someone had been feeding off her.

Her swollen belly, inflated both by pregnancy and the onset of an early malnutrition, was crisscrossed with scratches presumably made by a sadist. Several of the scratches were oozing with pus.

Her pubic hair was also accreted with lice of the vulgar variety familiarly known as "crabs."

The itales of her thighs, which because of her pregnancy showed distended veins, were also bitten severely. From her vagina, a fluid, yellowish in character, flowed.

Her ankles and feet were filthy. The soles of her feet had developed a horny surface of callused skin which indicated the girl had not worn shoes for an extended period.

The room itself, if it can be called that since the boiler of the tenement took up a great deal of space, was a shambles.

Worse, in one corner, someone had defecated and a hole near a steam pipe was obviously used as a urinal. Near this was a tin box that obviously served as the storing place for food.

The air was rank. It sickened the ambulance attendants and officers who had been called to the scene by alarmed neighbors.

No one in the neighborhood would talk. No one would say with whom the girl had been living. An expired driver's license established her identity. She had come from the Middle West and was the daughter of a prosperous

hardware merchant. In short, she had come to San Francisco the previous year, had obtained a job, had even written faithfully to her parents until her letters became confusing and discordant.

She had joined the ranks of the hippies, her father, who came posthaste, found. She refused to give up what she called her "new-found freedom," and dropped out of sight except for infrequent appeals for money which was sent her.



It is the goal of this document to show that the hippies—both here and abroad—are nothing but swindlers, liars, conmen, cheats, and that, above all, their primary concern is to keep themselves sensually excited.

They are frauds; they are shams. And the proof is simple, direct and easy.

The proof that the hippie is a hoax may be gathered from those officials who have had close and extended contact with them. With those who know them well and who have remained undecieved by pretensions and by lies.

The hoax that the hippie has perpetrated on the public is enormous.

Hippies are not fun-loving. They are vicious.

They are not saturated with love. They bate.

They are not pure and spiritual. They are degenerate.

They are not kind. They are often insufferably cruel.

They are not simple, natural and spontaneous. They are cold, calculating self-servers who constantly seek to get something for nothing. And they are succeeding. Because society has been gullible and supportive.

That the hippies are this way can be gleaned from the people who assembled, most willingly, to assist in giving from the fund of their knowledge and experiences.

No one has been paid to contribute information to this book. It was given free in the hope that exposure may lead to some concerted public action against a movement now infecting the nation and many countries abroad.

To shield themselves against criticism, to insure that they will not lose their jobs, to make certain that they are not revealing much from confidential files, the names of the authors included here are pseudonyms.

But the facts are true. Some sections which were recorded on tape have been edited only to afford a readable continuity.

We salute, with great gratitude, those who have assisted in this documentation of a great hoax that is running rampant and is, in many serious respects, endangering the nation.

You cannot afford not to be involved.

Your daughter, your son, your wife, your husband may be a victim of the consequences of what the hippie has wrought in this land.

There is a sadness, a disgust and a cold anger in the presentation of this book. *



BY MR. AND MRS. F. CROWINSHIELD

"please come home! our hearts are breaking!"

The distraught parents of a girl hippie tell of their agony when she vanished into hippie limbo.

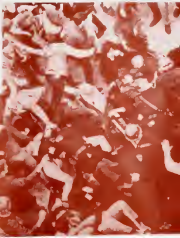
We, as parents of a daughter, former lost and gone to us, stretch forth a hand to other parents who today are bereft of their children.

No, our sweet child is not dead! No, as people who believe in the Almighty, we cannot wish her dead. For it is a sin to wish anyone dead—even though it be for her own good. That must be in the judgment of God, in His hands.

There is little point in recounting what we gave to our dear child, our own Belinda. Suffice it to say she had a good home, a room of her own with her own private bath, her own television set, a wardrobe of fine clothes, charge accounts at the best stores, an allowance of \$15 a week, her own little red sports car, a vacation in Europe with three friends, tuition paid for in a famous Eastern college.

Are we wealthy people? No, not as wealth is measured these days. I suppose we are affluent in the sense that we are financially secure and reasonably comfortable.

But we feel we gave Belinda more than material pos-



reassured me gave her love and tried to incite spiritual values.

Where did we go wrong? Where did we fail to keep her on the path of an orderly life so that she turned to the lowest drags for her companions and threw away a future that may have been a golden one?

Our Belinda ran away from home when she was just 16. Just 16, mind you. It seems like yesterday that she told us triumphantly that she had begun to menstruate. We are not prudes. We discussed sex freely and openly with her. We told her what is known as "the facts of life."

She ran off without a word and we heard from her four days later—after four days of sleeplessness and sorrow. We had an inkling where she had gone. For several months, she seemed to be going about with boys not of her sex, not of her class. Untidy looking boys, some of them sporting beards.

This kind of life is not unknown in California today. We did not worry overmuch. The breakfast had had his day and we read vaguely and with disinterest about the hippies, the new kind of citizen who despises the world he lives in.

When she left she withdrew her \$200 savings and also took money from her father's wallet and her mother's purse. She probably had a total of about \$350.

Four days later, she called from Southern California. We live on the Peninsula, about 15 miles south of San Francisco.

Her voice was fuzzy; she giggled hysterically.

"Mom, I'm not a virgin any more." That was her greeting.

Then she began to ramble and used the loudest language we had ever heard in our lives. We listened to her quietly. It was hard to believe she was our daughter.

She said she needed money. We did not ask her what had happened to the \$350 in a few days. We just did not restrain her. We just wanted her home.

She said she needed \$500 in a hurry. We went to the bank the next day in a state of shock and

wired her the money.

Three weeks drew into months and one day a second call was made. This time she wanted just \$25. We wired that to her.

In the interim, of course, we had enlisted the police who sent out a Missing Person's alert over 10 Western states.

The police lieutenant was kindness itself. He warned us exactly what would happen.

"I know the hippies. They'll take her for everything she can get for them. They'll spend in one night what it costs you weeks to earn. They'll threaten to kick her out if she doesn't come up with more money."

Then he cautioned us not to expect to find her.

"Your description is interesting, less. She no longer looks like the same girl. She's probably dressed up in one of those weird costumes and it would be hard even for you to pick her out. Moreover, she probably looks different. Drugs do that, you know."

One day we received a letter from her. It was the only one we had ever gotten in almost a year. It reads like this:

"Dear Parents: I think you stink. You make me sick. You make love with the lights out. Are you ashamed of your bodies?"

"I'm surprised you ever got pregnant, Mother. You are always so holy and virtuous. Why you never even let Dad take a shower with you, I'll bet. And I'll bet you never let him do the things he would like to do in bed. And I'll bet you would love to do things with him in bed but you're too stupid to tell him that. You're too fussed up."

"Mom, did you ever do this with Dad? (And here there was a crudely drawn sketch in the margin of her letter that is too disgusting to describe.)

"Dad, did you ever do this with Mother? (And here was another drawing showing another sexual posture.)

"Send me money. Send me money every week from now on. You'll never hear from me unless you send \$25 a week via Western

Unions. I'm letting you off lightly. I could get more from you. Maybe I'll ask for more later. Belinda."

This from our own daughter. We were torn between agonies and despair. Did she think we had never been young? Did she not stop to think how she was traducing her very own parents who had never harmed her. Why did she do this? Does she hate us that much?

The answer is that she does have a consuming hatred for us.

It took a deal of courage, but we took the letter to a psychiatrist. He tried his eyespelles for a while and then spoke.

"Do not for a moment blame yourselves," he said. "You will have a tendency to do so. The girl has completely lost touch with reality."

Then he said something astonishing. "It's not all a matter of drugs either. We have a tendency to blame those peculiar echoes, the drive towards self-destruction, on drugs. Don't forget that the very act of taking drugs is a kind of suicide. She hates herself and so she turns the hatred on you."

"There are some women who are desirous in bed and get a deal of joy from their husbands. There are others who are cold and who don't care about sex one way or the other. And there are the tramps, the ones who do it for sexual passion or for money. Your daughter is the tramp who does it for sheer viciousness. She loves her body and wants to enjoy it to the hilt. Accept the fact that she is a tramp, as a true of all the hippies, and you will understand her all the better."

Of course the question remains this: Would she have become a tramp had there been no hippies?

We are certain she never would have become the tramp the psychiatrist spoke about. She would have gone to college, would have met a man, would have married, had children and gone through life in the familiar pattern. She might have been unhappy in her married life and wanted otherwise. Perhaps she would have consub-

tributed adultery many times over. I do not know. But even adultery, even many divorces, even many a mess in her personal life would have been better.

It would have been better than no life at all.

We are not as blind as to say that the hippies ruined her. That would be ridiculous. That would be a lie.

The fact of the matter is she is a hippie herself. Why do we parents always go around blaming the others?

Someone has seen our daughter. We are told she looks like a woman of 35 or more. She has lines beneath her eyes, her skin is gray, her body hangs limply. Drugs will do that, we are told.

We also should like to exhibit another letter she sent us not long ago.

"Dear Has Beems. Well, you will be glad to hear that I've turned you into grandparents. You! You are the happy grandfather and the happy grandmother of a beautiful little baby who was born this morning. Like that? I thought you would. Love, your ever-loving Belinda."

Why is she so vicious? Is it the drugs? No. It is Belinda herself. Drugs could not do that. She has a painful defect somewhere in her makeup, in her composition.

It is therefore with great emotion, with a sense of believing that we are grownups and intelligent, that we indict our own daughter, Belinda, along with all the other hippies.

Our daughter Belinda is to blame for her own destruction and for destroying our lives. We are of course different people. We see no one, go no place. Her presence and her absence hang over our house.

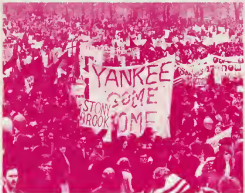
With heavy hearts, before God, we cannot hold her blameless for this would be an injustice to those whom she probably has harmed in her own, cruel way.

We indict our own daughter Belinda and may God have mercy on her—and on us. ■

The indictments have been drawn; the charges have been made; the evidence has been presented. What is to be done now? There is much that can be done—and done right away. A national crisis requires action against the human plague.



what must be done?



During World War II, the United States placed more than 100,000 persons into detention camps. Most people are unaware of this. Today, the U.S. Government should round up draft dodgers and put them into detention camps. Those who interfere with the draft process must be put into other and similar camps. That's what can be done! (UPI)



From *The Great Hippie Hoax*, a scathing indictment of the hippie movement that has inspired thousands of teenagers. Published by Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation, 230 East 45 Street, NY 10017. Universal Tapes Publishing Company, Limited, 33 Beaufort Place, London, S.W.3. This story documented convictions not only that hippies should be sent to concentration camps but that their homes be burnt and the occupants killed. Its sales are going up and it has not yet hit. The book contains vivid indictments of hippedoms, which apart from the one negro should here include:

Indictment 1, by Sgt. Lamuel Perkins: From robbery to safe-cracking, from mayhem to murder, from rape to robbery, from prostitution to peddling — victims of affairs are again, usually, to crack criminals — and a police officer tells why hippies are above the law and get away with their misdemeanors.

Indictment 2, by Doctor Peter Warren Delaney: The hippie embraces tagings that men not prepared for seductions. These primitive desires make themselves manifest in sexual perversion that leads to disease, the order indictment.

Indictment 3, by Colonel Gustavus Pitt: They revolt in daily, perfect music on dog food or anger, called music all over the world, but on some days off their backs, spine, and mind and body, though they sit out 10 per cent of their out, though the day they wear the pot on the nose.

Indictment 4, by Judge Antonio Bellagio: *Magazine's Court*. Then they are based on court. The "magazine" never before heard in chambers, at law. They tell their necks on homicide and other offenses refuse to be seen there. They pull down their food like animals and their probation reports, mark the psychological life. They make use of any place and time.

Indictment 5, by Doctor University: *Magazine's* a history of hippies sleeping across the land. Accompanying it is an alarming and violent disease. The danger of cancer and other damage to an alarming percentage of young people and to the children they will give birth to are terrible to contemplate.

Indictment 6, by Sam D. Perotti: A young landlord who specializes in hippie tenants tells proudly how he navigates the girls when they are asked on his engine, and — still how he outwits hippies. *perotti* 10/1/68.

Indictment 7, by Arthur Lange: A well-known leader who gives up his young hippies, a life of a hippie, and their money, and still will, what it is like to know the world's offerings without responsibility. As he puts it: "I've got the hippies!"

Indictment 8, by Helen Stephens: She got tired of funding of the poor and the hilly burles of the back of the car. She wanted it what she calls "hippies" but without the hippie, she wanted to know what she is doing home and where to see. This girl hippie hippie wonders at 17 that she's had more than 60 lovers in a year.

Indictment 9, by Thomas Riddiough: The story by Neil A. Angell, who watches whole towns when they are taking in on their powerful minor parties. Now found also elsewhere in the hippies. They see the hippie, a hippie, however, who want to and use the girl hippies as so many girlfriends have a number of the hippie pleasure they have with the hippie-making hippies.

Indictment 10, by Joe L. Riddiough: A hippie writer who has covered everything from dope running to hippieship, hippieship in misleading hills, all the hippie's work, in a hippie's hippieship where he lived and observed what he calls the "most depressed people in the history of man."



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TELEVISION THE BANKRUPT MEDIUM

Q&A TV supplement: introductory series

The burgeoning underground press reflects the failure of traditional media to cope with the consciousness of a new generation. Television in particular has repudiated the demands of those supposed to be most affected by it. In the following supplement, Tony James takes the fatalistic view that it is the natural function of a single medium to belch forth reactionary propaganda for the first hundred years. Less pessimistic, others are exploring and developing facilities for an alternative, underground television network (See John Hodgson: Video Vandal: From the inside, a producer offers hints towards liberation (A tired producer's notes...)).

Official reaction to any expression of dissent is [to "Oh Counsel! But you should have seen how fast it ate five years ago"]. [2] "You think for a bit about how it's built up after all they were given and pay the bonus here, how it's built up. The same ludicrous minority responsible for monitoring the regulations of Q&A, IT & Rolling Stone (As those of the New Starlines and the Lister are inevitably subsidised), who peak Ivory Park for advertisement go [to David O'Connor or Simon Dee 181 Stone Square?], who accept extension of the Living Theatre's Roomhouse edition, who nurture anti-leftistism all around the country... An inflexible market? Apparently so. Its existence is not even acknowledged by anything currently on television.

Disgrace? Who said that? "No single group of viewers, even if it is the majority, will be served to the exclusion of all others, no single type of television will predominate..." Answer: David Frost and Anita Crawley when applying to Lord HSB for London Weekend's ITA Contract

Any week's Radio or TV Times reveals television to be one million series of All Our Yesterday's, itself still today. Past times. Shows of the Week! "Thorough old days, a special Soundvision edition of old time music 1945-1960 (Once More with Father, Mirror to a [new] Age, the Glas Miller Sound, Time to Remember 1"... as the camera rolls the events of 1919!"). The Piffles ("Robert Robinson looks back to the days of King George VI"), Film Night ("A Day into the Past") Giving a Glorious Party (who does anyone?) Princess Grace, "Terror film star" (celebrates a musical tour of Monte Carlo, Fyfe Robertson etc.). "Willy

Zoo" and the 1969 Methodist conference from the central hall, Coventry, given at Songs of Peace

There is nothing new one can say about the physical assembly of milk-advertised celebrities that bounce in and out of each other's shots night after night: except to point that most are manipulated by a handful of backroom managers: who, at the sweetest of the words quality: originality or culture reach for their export awards. That ex Vaudeville family, the Grade Brothers, know what the public wants. Low rent ATV and its myriad subsidiaries. His brother Bernard Delfont, runs everything around he is a director of EMI, which owns Associated British Pictures (which has TV holdings) which has an interest in the Grade Organisation, which owns Harold Dorman Agency (which provides many of the acts appearing on TV) which is connected with countless other showbiz institutions. Even the Daily Express once awarded "Invincible Bernard Delfont has just done" that... which gives him virtual control over live entertainment in Britain? That was three years ago. The Grades have more control now

Here's how it works. Bernard Delfont runs the Royal Variety Show, a TV special, which takes place at a theatre (London Palladium) owned by his brother, which runs money for a charity presided over by himself, employing artists managed or promoted by the Grade organisation or Harold Dorman and who are often concurrently appearing at theatres run by Delfont or Grade, followed by Neely Berman, an ATV offshoot, and recorded by EMI.

The same ruling obsession with the gaudy, twinned, second rate, sentimental, bygone, showbiz glamour etc also permeates the BBC. When Billy Cotton died, Mr Tony Slowe, head of Logic Entertainment retorted "He represented everything good in the country". And certainly the Cottes musical philosophy (especially anti-rock) still represents the contemporary model at the BBC, which politically, is curiously dancing to its own groove as less than one step to the right, two steps backward

For evidence of the exorbitant conservatism of the Corporation see the star game members of ex director Kenneth

Adams or compare Lord HSB's BBC charter with that of his predecessor (Harcourt, November 1961).

One indicator of contemporary cultural standards is the cultural relationship with Power & Martin, a programme with a dazzling array of female gidgets of breath taking pose and inter-ethnic wit, but which is despised in its subtextuals. It is not outdone. No-one is threatened. No-one is named. A typical 'strong state' consists of a song and dance attack on censorship, with no-one 'named', nothing advanced, nothing altered, nothing new song, nothing publicly unrecovered, but all measured

Some of these existing within media have become so institutional, that they have created the Free Communications Group, which believes that newspaper, television and radio should be under the control of people who produce them. The first issue of their magazine, Open Secret G&S, 6 Swan Walk, London, SW 3C publishes almost in full the famous and confidential application by London Weekend Television to ITA. The Group which has also established a committee to enquire into the television industry seeks to provide a long term alternative for those on the inside. For the rest, it might be more fun to take John Hodgson's advice, and do it on the road with your own portable video

When the power goes down for underground protest gets on its financial feet as first parliament are, as that order clothes, M&S, colour TV, and a sports car. The last is a joke of course. But why the TV people? Because it reaches the masses and controls the division with which they must defend their internal vision against the face of it. They never could communicate, now, just like Mr Jones, they've found their house not W. And they they laugh at it but they keep on watching, television calls while on the phone: the Stars, Jane Farrow, The Virginians. We're all free businessmen now

Why do we prefer watching boring TV to our living friends? Because the picture might change at any moment while our friends won't

TV from a spectacle is become a hypnosis, then a habit, and now, wallpaper: internal reality, a wash-out

THE TREE PRODUCER'S NOTES for his testament

by David Sharp, a tired producer.

I want a television that the people can use, just as they use the town hall, without exchange, delay or superfluity. In the same society people have a need to transfer their opinions, perceptions and frustrations to their fellow citizens, to their functionaries, representatives and leaders. They should no more feel that the apparatus of electronic contact is alien and embarrassing to handle than the doctor's equipment or the garage mechanic's. They have to humanise the medium of communication by taking possession of their

All discussions about television in the past have been about freedom means to transmit and control it. Let us talk now about how to use it. Let us stop talking about safeguarding the area of expression in terms of individual words or sentences, watching the area of permitted reality increase left by inch over the months, or the total personal vocabulary of reality increase four letter word by four letter word. There are no stable paradigms for the measurement of freedom - there is only the clarity of purpose of communicators determined to say what has to be said. The most powerful form of censorship is the mind of a writer or producer calculating what he can get away with.

Everywhere the content of the television screen is the major guide to what it is possible to think openly with the particular society, the society prior to the cultural prison. This is true in Russia, as much as in Portugal, in Britain as much as in America. We are too complacent in the West. Our screens are always just about as open as our societies. Television everywhere is socially controlled, nearly always state controlled as well. The healthier the society, the better the standards for the professional content creator, the less he is obliged to look over his shoulder. There is a difference, even in Britain with the three screens and the three society of all, so room for complacency. The battle has surely changed from decade to decade. You spend the whole of a professional life pushing them to the furthest extent in one direction and as you pause for breath, turn round - you will see the next generation basking in somewhere behind you. In places they are fighting for the right of opposition politicians within the national parliament to use the most powerful medium of all to address their voters, they turn to Britain with admiration and surprise, because here

all the politicians have some right of access to the screen. Do not be fooled - the secret fight is to get the politeness off the screen.

Be very careful when people speak to you about quality in television, especially if they are critics, shareholders or programme commissioners. They are nearly always relating to something that looks good, we see in the news, but in print they are anxious to advise their company reports or to achieve the satisfaction of writing patronising passages or simply to appear in the *Observer's* list. When they talk about quality programmes they are actually talking about programmes which they think 'ought to be out on television', that is very different from good television, which is almost impossible to legislate for. Good television occurs usually by accident when the producer is merely judging himself and accidentally succeeds in communicating something to his audience at the same time - when that original fusion of maker, artifact and public occurs, in which all three are inseparable. Good television isn't even something that can be seen on the screen and later moved in a box; it is a living presence that leaves an indelible impression on the mind of all who see it and all who were in the first place responsible for it. It is as much the product of the audience acting through the decision making processes of the producer as a product of the producer reacting to the stimulation processes of the audience. Good television isn't just a feature that disappears at midnight, it lives in the way a

Robert Kennedy, John F. Kennedy? Forget the 'phobias, for secret authorities get well make you think America's answer to Phyllis Cohen? (And if you know who Phyllis Cohen is, you shouldn't be reading this article.)

good person who is dead lives, remembered through certain half-remembering words into a piece of history. Good television like history can survive in a century, like a brave war-patriot of the beach. That was nothing at all to do with what the people who try to use television put into their catalogue as quality television.

If you had decided to be a writer of books, papers, plays, films most of your potential public would glance and pass on. The way of things during made their choice to ignore or reject you, you would trouble them no longer, so that you. You would be assumed to make a living and gain the serious attention of a few. If you continued not to please the public sufficiently you would soon cease to be

prized. However, you have chosen to produce television, and the public will not leave you alone. In vain to suggest that they pass by on the other side. You are not in the print business. That which bores the audience they will turn off. That which pleases them they will eventually turn off. That which impresses them they will try to watch next time. That which assuages them they will watch amply.

A good proportion of the audience reacts positively to what it feels ought not to have been put on. A smaller proportion reacts passively to what it feels ought to have been put on. You will be exposed without much protection to the ravages of the former. No telephone exchange lawyer

We Need That Low Key Highest When We See It (Arnold), but

I know what England ought to want because God speaks to me on my 10 Ft (Lord Kest and Sir Phil), but

insufficient will keep the assuage audience from you. No postal system ever devised will succeed in letting their letters or diverting them from you. No scheduling however fine will prevent the obvious seek and their kin from watching your content as easy as the benefits of sunlight. No warning however strong will keep the viewer, or the politically or religiously sensitive from watching the programmes that will most actually activate their sensitivities. As well to expect the flies to ignore the scent of a beggar. When you must do work out your own relations that neither cloud your mind to their cries (which would be self-destructive) nor so open it as to irritate you from making another shot. The army of the infatuated is the birth cry of your mental offspring, when you see it you know that you have bewitched it with a better than (and have named the oldest yourself). When you have produced something really worth while and can still feel the stream between your shoulder blades, remember that protest is the outlet of a troubled soul, that section of the audience that cannot cope with the way or the extent to which you have troubled it is the section that seeks self-reconciliation through action. In their abuse lies also the latent demand to control the medium, the frustrated appeal for the right of access, the unconscious demand to give public expression to a social experience. In that demand lies the only real hope that it is

Samuel, Michael. All My Loving, which has not been on the expression - agonized - and then of showing the picture in the end (follow the mind, now). This is the only a historical-archival also about the New of the World reader who think they're New Statesman readers, at New Statesman reader who think they're Mindy Make reader, and at London Magazine reader who tremble with thrill at the thought of being back to readers.

THE CULTURAL LUDDITES

Tom Nairn

Head-Boom Intellectuals

Among the machine-breakers of 1812, the Glasgow E.P. Thompson pointed out, "break of place went to the hammer man, who worked anonymous iron ridges called *knocks* to break open doors and smash the French". They had a song which went:

Great Knocks shall lead the way,
Stop here who dare! Stop here who dare!

One feels temptation, therefore, denouncing the new machine-breakers of 1969. In many clothes, both Left and Underground, to hunt that new fangled television machine are good for anything but crushing sinister master Knocks into. Roused eyebrows turn one into an atmosphere of the system, like the old West Riding mill-owner who used to walk on the bedroom floor coming of a night with "berlindes of spilled colliers on his stairs, and a tub of oil of virid on his top" that whitened the ribs, and without as any one touching the machine-gears and machines, I never condemn the new Luddites. More than that. There is a sinister — and far from revolutionary — significance in the fact that the Underground and part of the Left intelligentsia came together at new baronies just here, at all places. That is, on the lowest possible common denominator of corporate, backward-looking, hopeless, helpless, anti-familial sympathy. Not looking forward to a future together, but weeping over a past. Not in obstructive, collective action, but at the point of maximum inertia. Not as revolutionaries, but as pathetic, dispossessed, hand-lump intellectualism nurtured by the dead culture-bills of Shakespeare's *Jack and Cuckoo*.

Revolt of the Book-worms

The old machine-breakers had a mythical master called General Ludd. Our new General Ludd, Angelo Quattrone, spouts out monthly on the front page of the new *Pan's Daily Action* (descendant of the revolutionary *crusader* of May '68) "Break your telly sets little power", he cries. Then, go and see the man who runs the telly, and ask him to give you back all the time he has stolen from you, all those hundreds of hours he has taken out of your life! If he can't do so, break him in little pieces too: you'll find he is full of silver, white, teeth and bolts — "Alois is rich!" The same message sounded the silver and wires in John Goldsmith's recent TV documentary about art students, where suddenly an earnest brave burst out of the set and told the spectator in suitable style, "Dalek like tapes, that there was something even he could do to help on the revolution: 'You can smash your television set, can' you'".

In one sense, the epistemic abundance of the position is (literally) too obvious.* But the obscurest conceals something else — the real line of the argument — which has to be revealed, because it conflicts with the apparent revolutionism, the stylized libertarianism of the faunts. At heart, the Luddites are threatened conservative, timid nostalgists for a lost golden age of safe cultural change.

Looking from at the decade, it must be obvious indeed that the modern cultural machine-breakers are as doomed to defeat as the weavers of 1812. Like the latter, they have identified the new machine system as being evil in itself — an affront to humanity, and to all the decent values of human intimacy and spontaneity. The confusion is the same in both cases. The gigantic new cotton and wool mills did create a sort of hell, laying waste large tracts of England, and destroying old order (and in some ways preferable) culture. Yet they also forged the modern world, and were the only possibility of liberating mankind from want and making him in time a vastly superior social creature. Given the powers laid out before them, there was only one thing for the workers to try and do: control it, in their own interests, and develop it further. To break the machines and kill the men who owned them merely distracted people from the real, difficult revolution which had to be accomplished: made unions, political organization, the formation of a new culture. Instead, General Ludd's men tried to resurrect a dying world, a culture forever lost of independence: men living beside their work in small village communities.

They did with the early mass-production of material goods, so the new Luddites would do with the growing mass-production of mental goods. But there is a difference. Capitalism could be forgiven, the surviving weavers of 1812, alienated villagers caught in the eye of contradictory forces they did not understand. It is much harder to forgive their new descendants, intellectuals whose selfish ignorance extends to their own work and values, their own backgrounds, their own nations in an unbroken line of bad faith.

The hammer-men of 1812 did not represent (as they tended to think) an apolitical and external way of life, now critically threatened by the atomic bomb. They represented a transitional form of industry, small-scale domestic production which had

the seeds of the new machines sown in it all along. In exactly the same way, the telly-chasing intellectual of our day does not in the least represent against "mass" culture. By and large, he represents the culture of books. That is the first, transitional form of mental industry: the old fashioned, artisan production of ideas now merged with extraction (or at least, radical transformation) by the mass media. But once there was profit, it was really inevitable that there should be such new media sooner or later. And it is impossible to run back against again: one's hammer will simply part the waters.

You Can Burn All Your Books, Now!

General Ludd II and his men have forgotten what the fate of post culture was: in its own early existence. They have forgotten that in Melville pointed out: it was the most necessary of cultural phenomena for long after its birth. For a century it propagated little but cultured bigotry and prejudice: credence on the detection and torture of witches, unseemly Reformation and Counter-Reformation polemics, and smothered theological rubbish. It put the bourgeoisie on the side of business and (I don't doubt) made them feel the meaning of the present. Would they have been justified in doing so? How alien the solidly anonymous, lead-stamped book must have seemed: after the unique, lampily treasured, human manuscript? To a progressive manuscript clerk the machine must have been intolerable: the device had just only put him out of work, they were filling the world with cultural junk! Imagine his withering scorn on seeing printed books in a friend's house. How — to employ General Ludd II's favourite term — how plastic book culture must have looked: neatly packaged brown pouch from faceted ladies' neck, a few barbarians (speaking into every house).

But we know — and certainly the telly-burner ought to know — that this "barbarism" contained the industrial revolution and political democracy within itself. Neither could have existed without it. It also regarded the end of an ancient elite culture based on medieval ignorance and superstition. Opponents of the press looked back to Dante; but the press themselves looked forward to Shakespeare, Marlow, and Joyce. And of course, to Quattrone & Go too, the new elite threatened by a newer barbarism, suddenly identifying its own sense decrepitude with the ever-diminishing light of human culture.

Bubbles in the Provincial Gaze

It would be too much to expect explicitly

*The bourgeoisie is frequently criticised by the proletarian members of such workers who turn out to be critics of Fourier's and Fourier's revolutionism. I know one capable of thought until the telly is on. Another is without thought, the telly being added to discovered in a long experience of viewing and viewers, reduced to total absorption by a telly-set, he will watch anything. But please note: we are not even under the telly when we are the same time, and we partly absorb by "culture", they rarely seem to observe the Luddites.

be better employed working gold pans? In other countries like Britain, where even the working structure of the medium is more flexible, and the contestation in its functioning are consequently greater, where TV could obviously be something quite other than what it is – how under strategies on the Left are unfeasible. They are only a last's heads from being frankly counter-revolutionary.

Narcissists with Hatches

As print culture contained the possibility of the bourgeois-liberalist world, so the electronic media contain the possibility of a communist world within themselves. That is, of an effective economic culture which can overcome the last vestiges of restrictive classness without thereby reducing humanity to a lower economic level of technological efficiency. Television is not in an earlier, cruder phase – corresponding to that of the printed word a century or so after Gutenberg. The great development seems to come in technique, transmission, reception, educational and local-community use, personal recording and projection, will this shift the medium and its social meaning. They will realize its (human) revolutionary possibilities. Through their technology will itself help to shatter the capitalist bourgeois social framework by generating within it the foundations of the first great and truly communist culture – the first free culture – tomorrow.

But this is just what the Luddite fear, though they cannot perceive the fair openly without betraying themselves! What contempt for technology lies in the disparaging picture of the 'valves, wires, nuts and bolts' in the lefty men's lives! What dismal fear of the mass culture which would remove for ever their own pretensions to the sublimation of 'art', their own aesthetic, anti-rich alienation regarding as the avant-garde! Is brutal fact, their own lookish world is founded upon the mechanical debasement of popular sensibility, upon that wretched, mindless conformity inseparable from the mass exploitation of the printed word as a means of domination. How easily have the printed page stolen from humanity's lifeblood? Who will resist to us our two years of miserable debate of mediocrity by Britain?

They are therefore incapable of seeing that the new medium might be different. That it might be more than an infinite, calamitous extension of the reign of books over the earth. They too, in their words, are 'really looking at themselves', as they pick up their banners of hatches and make angrily for the flickering screen to daunt it for ever. But like Narcissus all they will ever destroy is their own dark reflection.

VISUAL WANK



Berry OZ, I really tried. When you rang up on Wednesday about doing a piece on TV entertainment, I got onto it right away, I called Keith Smith at BBC publicity and we'd OZ was doing a survey of TV programmes, and could he tell me about Light Entertainment? Yes he could – What week did I want? I said Monday to Sunday. He started chucking and said 'You know we've never had a call from OZ before, are you here all right with all that hair?' (Chuckle). I could hear papers ruffling, and then he said '22nd of June – Ah yes, the first of a one Lulu series recorded in Sweden.' I remembered what you said about showing how the same article appears on every show and asked him who the guests were. He chuckled again and said – 'well, Lily Generation... the Roll Home dancers – they're very good'. Anyone else, I said, yawning. 'No', he said 'they're all foreigners and you wouldn't know them'. More paper rustling. 'You must send us a copy of OZ – I haven't seen it since the first issue. Very happy, isn't it?' I said it wasn't but couldn't raise the energy to say why (Bert had a copy and yes). But by this time he was telling me about the N F Simpson show with Neil Sherrin producing. 'Of course we're not trying to send anyone up – if you want an intellectual name for the type of show, its parody – oh no, not satire – parody in the best sense. But, really, if we make people laugh we're happy.'

By this time he was laughing wildly. Little boxes and the papers were rustling like crazy. It was time for a joke again – 'If you like to see how Wednesday every night for a week.' I started snigger. 'That – a satire on (bawling) but he said 'no no just a joke.' 'On Wednesday night we have the second of the Bobbie Gentry shows, I've wrote Billy Joel which is very good if you like that sort of thing,' he said, snigger. I thought briefly that perhaps he stopped, but already he was giving a list of guests – 'I've got Joe South, Billy Preston, Alan Price and James Taylor, and also John Hartford.' He said something about John Hartford but I couldn't catch that.

'On Thursday and Friday we've got nothing'. He didn't seem particularly upset by this catastrophe, and went on to tell me that BBC were repeating Not in front of the Children.

'Wednesday, there's a fifty minute show of Les Reed's greatest hits – he did it To in Jones' big songs – he must be a very worthy man by now. Humphreys, Oswald Piers, Glen Lene, and Jackie Trent are going to sing the songs. On the same night there's the third programme in the (Beryl Reid series) I said I liked Beryl Reid, and he said the show had had mixed reviews and really wasn't very funny. 'Some people seemed to like it.'

The papers were still rustling at the word 'breakthrough', when we came to Saturday

"The Ken Dodd show" he sat with a slight catch in his voice "with Vince Hifi. Who else I said, and he countered with 'Bring Ken Dodd there won't be much of anyone else'... (As a profile of Peter Ustinov and fifty results of House Movements — the words the White Rose of Athens — while it is a special programme recorded at the Top of the Tower in cabinet.)"

He was still singing softly when he came up with his last record — "Fifty minutes of Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass recorded on the US" I trailed and asked — "Does he sing as well" and was rewarded with another instance of the Yellow Rose of Texas and "Yan". I thanked him and promised to send the copy of OE (don't forget to send it) and hung up. Well, that night I decided I'd try to watch some of the programmes. So I turned on 'The Good Old Days' on BBC1 where a magazine was talking to an audience dressed in

Edwardian clothes and very few mistakes and they were all laughing so I turned it off. I guess I'm not ready for that kind of camp. I forgot to turn it on again, so I went up to the Roundhouse. It didn't watch any more TV on Wednesday, because I went to hear Dick Gregory at the Arts Lab. Gregory was really raring — talking about how he was going to pocket the peace conference in East Berlin, how the CIA put black agents into him and they have to invent stuff because the jobs for black CIA agents are rare, about food riots, and food poisons, and how a soldier who is ready to die will always beat one who is only able to kill. Gregory is great — he's a gem of an age and really so musical that it's impossible to tell you what he says because the way he says it is so beautiful. And he's so beautiful — like a superb scientist in this day and age of a city.

Thursday was a hassle, so I didn't think about the peace until I got in at around seven. I turned on 'Top of the Pops' and there was Tony Blackburn smiling like a cupid with his arms and legs as if he had filled his pants on screen — very serious — but the show started with the funny new Beatles number and my job had perked up the corner (only when they were out the camera was on them) and a few bubblegum groups missed their songs badly, and that was the pop music for the week now that Colour Me Pop has ended. Following that was the First Lady, which I bore for about five minutes. Later I watched some of the BBC's films of the films but a gay cent record and we talked till late.

I'm really sorry I didn't get the price done but tonight I'm leaving for Stockholm and the Druid's Summer Solstice. There is going to be a big ceremony at midnight and dawn and someone told me that a virgin will be deflowered!

It means missing the Alfred Hitchcock movie, and not finishing your article, but it should be fun. Sorry.

Ian Stock.

SHOOT IT, SHOW IT! VIDEO NOW!

John Hughes, Co-ordinator of TVX

Funny thing about our society is that most of the machines we need are all around us, and it's just a case of figuring out how to get hold of them. This article helps fill the information gap about what machines there are, what they can do, the buying in your business.

In a word, portable TV is here. By portable I mean that there is no outfit consisting of a shoulder peak videorecorder (weight 13 lbs) and a hand held TV camera (weight about 5 lbs) which works off its own internal batteries. A microphone mounted on the camera picks up sound, and synchronised sound and vision are recorded on a half-inch wide videotape, running time 20 minutes.

The batteries last an hour and are rechargeable. Cost, about £575. To see what you've recorded, the tape is put onto a larger record/playback machine, re-recorded and played back through a TV set adapted to the larger machine's output. The total cost is just under £1000, including accessories like battery charger etc. Made by the Japanese company Sony, whose head office (01 695 0021) will tell you where your local Sony dealer is.

For the technically minded, it works to 405-line standard, with 220 line definition, bandwidth of about 2MHz, negative modulated, automatic gain control for audio, automatic exposure compensation for video. Standard C mount lens is a 4.1 TV zoom, mounted in a miniature 1" screw mounted at the back of the camera. The portable camera and recorder code no. DVC 2400, playback machine code no. CV 2000.

A similar machine made by Japanese company Shiden will be on the market soon, which uses £25 line system. UK distribution by DVS (01 202 8056). The real differences between Sony and Shiden emerge when you look at the overall systems developed by these two companies, and how the portable recorder fits into these systems. The tapes from a Sony portable can only be



played back on one machine, as it was produced originally for the domestic market. The tapes from the Shiden portable can be played back on a variety of machines, all of which are compatible with the entire range of Shiden's equipment. In certain applications these differences in backup systems are important, and the Sony system has greater limitations.

There's another difference too. Each time you add in the camera (stop shooting and then start again) you make a discontinuity in the sequence of control pulses put onto the tape when you record. When playing back, this discontinuity causes the picture hold to be lost for a short time. With Sony, this can 'tear' the picture for up to 2 seconds, but with Shiden all you get is a 'flash' lasting perhaps a tenth of a second. It means that on Shiden you can do a series of very short jump cuts and get away with it, which on Sony will produce just jagged torn pictures. And with Shiden you can also do as much as the playback tape. To be fair, the Sony has better balanced and easier to operate a question of design layout, and the actual picture quality is at least as good as Shiden if not better.

Well that's as far as I can make it. Now read on. Two other questions. Can I play back from one of these machines through ordinary TV set? Not without modifications, say £35 or if you know a friendly electronics friend, maybe £10. The manufacturers ought to produce a clamp-on or line for this purpose, but they don't. Can I go to a shop and buy this equipment as an individual? No. You've got to buy it from a company and prove educational or industrial use. What happened was that the UK electronics lobby, realising that they couldn't produce equivalent machines, pushed a restrictive law thru Parliament to protect their sales of what I'm reliably told is relatively inferior equipment. Well, when do you expect from a country whose economy is on its last legs?



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Where do we go from here?

The cat's out of the bag. Although certain technical problems remain, the cloud of which is electronic editing, we can now make our own television. What's more, the syndrome of TV studios, technicians and administrators, and hard-to-acquire expertise, and the hurdle of the AGTT (consumers' union), have been exposed for the bullsh*t they are, in one fell swoop. What to join the AGTT so you can work in TV or film? It's not you plenty in free drinks and expensive meals. What to do a Canada TV directors course? You need a degree.

Well, it'll all downhill from now on. The speed with which we can develop alternative circuits at Universities, Arts Laboratories and Neighborhood Local stations depends not only on our resources, but the Spirit itself. I spoke of earlier.

It's interesting to compare the obvious writings of grass-roots TV with the statements made by our beloved Ministers of Technology, Mr Wedgwood Benn. He seems to understand better than most of his colleagues the inevitable nature of electric technology which is to demoralise the media. He also expresses concern (on TV 1) that TV in particular needs to be made more available to more people, and that this is a social necessity. Fine words. Well, unlike the administrators who hold the reins of commercial TV - and that includes the BBC - we haven't got vested interests in prolonging our own job where they are obviously due for a shake-up.

What's more, we are now beginning to produce the answers to the questions that Mr Wedgwood Benn has been asking. OK Mr smart guy, how would you run local TV? Amazingly it's quite simple. To start, a couple of portable recorders. Two rooms to operate from, one a small studio for interviewees, the other with editing facilities. Your video journalist goes out shooting children, entertainment, religion, town hall meetings, conversations, opinions... he comes back to the editing room, rewinds, edits if necessary, makes duplicates, and the tapes are sent out to various parts of the district where playback sets are located. Pubs, cinemas, meeting places, dance places where people are used to get together. Pay for it from advertising (no need to put ads together), may be paid admission if it's at a cinema, and public funds. Yes, you heard me, PUBLIC FUNDS.

That's the point where the town councils have got to fork out some cash, and it's not much, to provide a public service. Within a short time any basic system of local TV like the one I am describing could undergo considerable sophistication. Instead of sending tapes to the playback points, you put the moving GPO video lines already laid down for this sort of use. Then, you can transmit without the tedious business of tramping across town three times a day,

Then, you might set up a low power transmitter to use one of the broadcast bands not used in that place. The point about all this is that it is possible now. So let's go ahead and do it.

So what are the prospects?

On the level of local TV, all that has to be done is to find one town or borough council that will give support to a scheme that will turn a lot of people on. The difficulty that they may actually want to control what is put out on local TV can be avoided by giving the council as much time as it takes to it wants to tell them. In fact, it's not down to a then-or-else control battle. It's down to letting as many people, factions, opinions as possible be aired, and this is not the opposite of a potentially dangerous influence. It would be just as socially harmful to allow the 'revolutionaries' to control such a facility as it would be for the 'reactionaries' to control it. Before my colleagues on Black Dwarf - long may they thrive - get uptight, here's an example.

Imagine a situation where Mr Swaty Quartermaster is allowed to give his opinion of how to treat squatters and sex his living, and Squatters who have been set upon by his men are allowed to say what they think. Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. The trouble with broadcasting is the constant danger of listening, the interviewee closes the conversation with some neutral remark, when would happen if you let Joseph Powell and Terry Ab talk it out, all day if need be? On the local power or public station to say where he's really at? In some respects we have a better idea of what not to do than what to do. Why is the news always read in a serious tone of voice, and religious programmes held in the atmosphere of a mosque? Could it be that they really think 'the news' has much relevance to the man in the street? Or that get nervous when you crack jokes about him?

On the level of Universities, Sussex, Brunel, Leeds, Strathclyde, Birmingham, York and Imperial College London, and Kingston and Plymouth technical colleges have their own closed circuit systems, and there are probably more I don't know about. I'm under the impression that TV as these places is still treated as something available to only a few people, which has to be done in a studio, and by means of which only 'neutral' topics may be discussed. However, what is more important is the very existence of the systems themselves.

Jim Wagner announced at the recent FACCIF meeting at St Katherine's dock that the Arts Lab throughout the country want to set up a circuit and exchange material, and the first we have already been taken. The open-ended-to-holds barred attitude in the London Arts Lab is going to be very

productive when it comes to exploring the possible uses of video.

Recently a meeting was held at the ICA between film makers and the writing up of a parallel video circuit was mentioned. So we can see that already there is a number of small circuits and viewing situations, which with a little co-ordination form the basis of an alternative network. The task at present seems to be to promote mutual resources and realizing that, once again, what we are looking for is all around us, and all we have to do is to get it together.



Mid July London:

A group of people will be asking the Government for a local London TV station. The detailed plans will be set out at a press conference to be held shortly. Information from TVX, 1 Hobart Street, London NW1.





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To begin with could you tell us something about the film you're making?

We made a movie called 'Ukule Meats'. It's got a lot of pictures of the Mothers in it, it also has a very strange plot which will require some straight line-type actors to recede and we need some new money to finish it.

Isn't the plot explained on the sleeve of the Ukule Meat LP?

The beginning and the end is in there - the middle isn't.

Was the album written with the film in mind?

It's quite possible to make a film to match music, so I made some music and I made up the story line around it. Initially what sort of a film is it?

It's a fantasy film with political and sociological overtones. Sounds very dense, is it?

Yeah, quite.

And we are all going to be able to see it?

We've got a couple of magazines with people trying to raise the money to do it but it isn't that easy - you can't just come out and say 'Fred, will you give me the money?' He says 'OK' and then you go and make it. It's really involved with a lot of paper work and bullshit.

Are you pleased with the way that the records have been going?

Yes, it's been awfully good considering the type of stuff we are playing which isn't, you know, major record chords with a steady beat which is what most pop music is made up of - a couple of superlatives here and there. We've some things that don't operate on a key signature, and more things that one chord that don't appear in your every-day harmony book, and some rhythms which are difficult to tap your foot to. So it puts it a little bit out of the ordinary sense of inference of the average teenage audience or the average adult audience, if they ever came to see this kind of stuff. But strangely the kids here, even just in the provinces, were very open to the music and allowed to it. I don't know

whether they understood it, but they liked it.

Did you put a lot of work into the music?

No, as a matter of fact I wrote most of it on the plane on the way over here, and I've usually just got some paper out and start drawing dots on it, and wait for someone to play it so that I know what it sounds like. That's the chamber music stuff. You know there's a difference between song and compositions, songs are put together a different way, but these little bitty pieces that we are doing, they are based on another technique.

In the first concert you performed in this country did you bring on members of a straight orchestra?

Well I like to play with straight musicians, you know, it goes in a little artificial interval, and it also displays the fact that there are some members of the group who only are very skilled players and could exist just as easily in a symphony orchestra as in rock and roll stage, so we brought them out to sort of bridge the gap between electronic music and the other kind. Unfortunately there was one old fart in the string section that kept playing out of tune on purpose, trying to make the stuff sound ugly - so it turned into a career at the end. And it turned out that way because I wasn't going to let this guy spoil the show, so we made some use of the fact that the music was turning out a little bit sour, and I thought I'd stretch it to its logical conclusion, and we went up dancing around on stage with them and having fun, you know, do various things that you wouldn't expect a person in a tuxedo to do. Like blowing fans through a microphone towards the audience, that is one way you can see the show when you have an ultra-sensitive microphone in this way.

It's sort of funny, you know, they never would have discovered that we were musicians if I didn't do those overviews with those people and talking like hours on and trying to explain to them in detail what it is we are doing, because most people who write about music don't know what music is. They have certain tastes about the pop stuff that they listen to, and they don't have a broad-based musical background that they could use as criteria by which to judge new music. It's pretty easy to judge a rock and roll music you know. But - does it make you tap your foot? Does it have the kind of words you want to hear? - in the boy/girl situation which is usually the plot basis of most of the lyrics, does it run out of sight

in the end for you? You know, those are the things you look for when you are reviewing a song. But if we come along and we're playing some electric chamber music or if we are experimenting with electronic sounds where we are into pronounced constructions or we are into unaccompanied arias on stage which are spontaneous, or we are doing some sort of visual thing with a gas mask. You know, if you are a rock and roll critic is one of those pop papers what do you write about? What kind of musical background do you have to assess this, how much Stockhausen have you heard, how much de John Cage do you know about?

You have obviously listened to these serious musicians, but are they interested in what you're doing?

Of course not, because that's one of the things that's really sick about the so-called serious musician's world. It completely ignores rock music. You know, they think that we have it all, we are the avant-garde and we are the forefront of musical experimentation, I say serious composers you know, and they're foolish to think that very because we in the rock world have equipment at our disposal that they don't even know about, that we use on the bandstand all the time. I am sure that a lot of the composers who are sweating now in their little isolated garrets don't know a host electric woodwind instruments or what you can do with them. Even the electric guitar hasn't been touched by serious composers, and that whole thing had happened right under their noses. They ignore it. They think that electric music is something that you make with a synthesizer and amplified music is a completely different world. The composer has been wrong for hundreds for a long time, but the way it sounds in our ears is completely different. It's executed the same way, the only thing we added was electricity. The same with the flugel-horn, clarinet, flute and other things we use. The trouble with the serious musician's world is that they're too narrow.

$\frac{1}{2}$ oz	hash
$2\frac{1}{2}$	cups of flour.
1	cup of honey.
1	cup of treacle.
$\frac{1}{2}$	cup sugar.
1	egg.
1 tsp	cinnamon.
1 tsp	baking soda.
1	cup water.
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	butter.

Finely powder hash add cup of water bring to boil and simmer
for five mins. stirring all the time.

Beat the egg in sugar add and mix flour, baking soda, ginger, cinnamon,
melted butter, honey, treacle and hash water. pour into a greased
baking dish, cook for one hour at 350° or regulo 5.

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standed. They should go to the rock concerts.

That's one of the reasons why their music is out of touch with the youth. And it shouldn't be, because I think that they're doing important things artistically.

But it's very difficult to bring that in the attention of large numbers of people. And the largest single body of people are the teenagers — and how we get our music across without lowering our standard is what we just play it in places where the serious composers never go. We go to the Fillmore, and we play in all those little psychedelic dungeons all over the United States. We play schools and we play hockey rinks and we play bowling alleys and we also happen to play oceanfront balls when we come to Europe.

How much of your music is notated?

50 per cent of it. The other 50 per cent is improvised, and it's very carefully improvised, and the live shows we do are all different, not just because of the improvisation, but because of the way the building blocks of the show can be assembled.

Could you explain some of the lyrics on the album?

I am very interested in things which are ahead, and so the lyrics of that album are ahead, but some people think they are too sophisticated to appreciate an absurdity now and then.

Some people even think that there's some deep sociological significance in the lyrics.

Well, as a matter of fact they do have sociological significance but it isn't as literal as most of the traditionalists would like to make it. You know, it's a pretty subtle thing. First of all it's an art statement that we are working in this medium, and it's also an art statement that the package looks like it does for that record. It's an art statement that the words are what they are against the music being what it is. It's all very carefully balanced out.

So the lyrics are used also for a pure 'sound' purpose?

Right. Ruddy ruddy ruddy doody mop mop sounds very well in that context, it looks stupid on paper but that's the thing with lyrics you know, lyrics as people generally speaking don't look well on all, like, why did my body bother to put them down on paper. In fact usually cringe when I write 'em, but it's a different feeling when you realize it as a sound and a specialty.

depending on what register the voice is singing it is and all these other variables like the relevance in the Uncle Mutt variations to 'fuzzy dice and longer, fuzzy dice, I got 'em at the pep boys at the boys, bumble knobs and spinners, chromolite played.' OK now these words on paper don't look like very much and if you say them they don't sound like very much, but if you take 'chromolite played' and sing it on an operatic medium like the soprano is doing in that thing it becomes something really ahead you know. What she's singing there is a very difficult piece of music and she's being forced to sing these words on it. Of course I don't think you even know what bumble knobs are over here which makes it even less ahead like.

What are they?

A bumble knob is a plastic knob which is screwed on to the steering wheel of a teenage automobile. Generally it's clear like plastic — some old ones have them too, and they have these little pictures you know that you turn one way then you turn the other way and the picture moves, and the picture is generally a nude girl, her hands behind her head, so that it looks like she bounces her tits up and down for you when you turn your wheel.

Frank Zappa/Pete Drummond



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ROCK QUIZ

Here are sixteen authentic quotes about rock music, ranging from 1966 through to 1969. Each quote has three possible alternative origins. Tick your choice and turn to the astounding answers on page 44

1) 'Rock 'n' Roll is a means of pulling down the white man to the level of the negro. It is part of a plot to undermine the morals of the youth of our nation'

The Secretary of the North Alabama White Citizens' Council
Richard Daley, Mayor of Chicago
Judy Garland

2) 'I don't know anything about music. My knee I don't have to'

Yoko Ono
Chris Presley
Timothy Leary

3) 'Viewed as a social phenomenon, the current craze for rock and roll music is one of the most terrifying things ever to have happened to our country. Musically speaking, of course, the whole thing is laughable'

Billy Cotton
Frankie Vaughan
Steve Rabe

4) 'Nothing really affected me musically until Elvis'

Eric Burdon
John Lennon
Donald Peers

5) 'The rock industry is a very honest and profitable one, and even the poorest and most tasteless... it is a very honest industry that brings the best of us here. It's one industry for sure'

Melvin Bell
Mitch Miller
The Editors of the National Musical Press

6) 'I am one-handed per cent Christian and everything I do is done with my religion in mind'

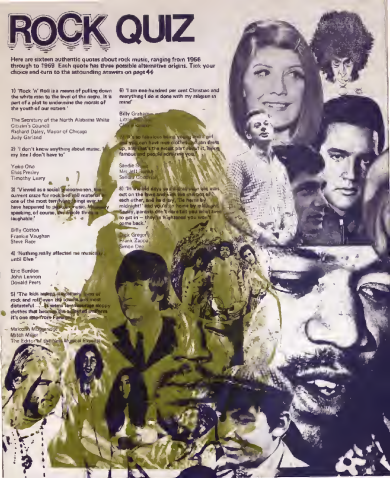
Billy Graham
Lionel Richie
Chris Brown

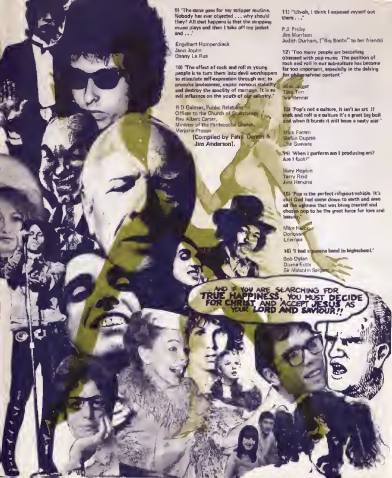
7) 'It's so heaven being young and a girl and you can have new clothes and fun and up, and that's the most part about it, being famous and people admire you'

Sandra Smith
Marilyn Monroe
Sandra Connors

8) 'In the old days, we danced near the exit on the levee and in the night at each other, and he'd say, "Go home by midnight!" and you'd go home by midnight. Really, parents don't want to let you go to go to get it - they're frightened you won't come back'

Dick Gregory
Frank Zappa
Sandra Dee





81 "The new generation of rockers. Nobody has ever objected . . . why should they? All that happens is that the stepping music plays and then I take off my jacket and . . ."

Engelbert Humperdinck
Janis Joplin
Olivia La Rue

106 "The effect of rock and roll on young people is to turn them into devil worshippers to stimulate self-expression through sex; to promote lawlessness, vagary, nervous instability and destroy the sanctity of marriage. It is an evil influence on the youth of our society."

R D Gelman, Public Relations
Officer to the Church of Scientology
Rev. Albert Carter,
Minister of the International Church
of Christ

[Compiled by Fats, Dennis &
Jan Anderson].

111 "Uhoh, I think I exposed myself out there . . ."

P.J. Proby
Jim Morrison
Judith Durham, ("Big Sister" to her friends)

121 "Too many people are becoming obsessed with pop music. The position of rock and roll in our sub-culture has become far too important, especially in the delving for philosophical content."

John Singer
Tina Turner
Paul Simon

124 "Pop's not a culture, it isn't an art. If rock and roll is a culture it's a great big ball and when it bursts it will leave a nasty scar."

Mick Jagger
Stefan Dupire
Che Chase

141 "When I perform am I producing art?
Am I rock?"

Mary Hopkin
Terry Reid
Jimi Hendrix

151 "Pop is the perfect religious vehicle. It's what God had come down to earth and seen all the ugliness that was being created and chosen pop to be the great force for love and beauty."

Mike Nesmith
Donovan
Laurie

161 "I had a square head in high school."

Bob Dylan
Diana Krall
Dr. Martin Luther King

AND IF YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR
TRUE HAPPINESS, YOU MUST DECIDE
FOR CHRIST AND ACCEPT JESUS AS
YOUR LORD AND SAVIOUR!!

OUR FIRST SPIRITUAL EFFLUENCES,
OUR FIRST MUMMY-MADE MEDICINE,
SHALL BE PHYSIC MADE FROM THOSE
WHO SHOWED THEIR ECCENTRICITY
BY THEIR UNNATURAL PERSISTANCE
IN RETAINING THE APPEARANCE OF
LIFE, AND FROM THOSE, WHO WHILE
IN THIS LIFE, MIMIC'D MORTALITY.

A MEAL YOU CAN SHAKE
HANDS WITH IN THE DARK
PETE BROWN AND HIS
BATTERED ORNAMENTS
SHVL 752

WASA-WASA
EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND
SHVL 757

ALCHEMY
THIRD EAR BAND
SHVL 756



BLACKMILL ENTERPRISES LIMITED

E.M.I. RECORDS (THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.)

MARSHA

"Do you think of your hair as a revolutionary sign? How did my hair happen? My hair happened because I was wanted in Shirley Temple curls and it seemed one day when I was very frizzy, I looked in the mirror and saw how easy it was going to be to keep it that way. The manager, of course, said,

"Full-time! It would be very nice for you to wear that." So I did it. I used maybe sometimes I let it down that way and sometimes I wore it. I found it was easy to maintain in that way and then I really got into it. I like totally into it. I got a lot of work for me and I've been able to exploit it.

As an actor in the political thing you see that a lot your object is wearing it differently out. Somebody came to me saying that one of the large newspapers was doing a story about "natural" and black girls going into this very heavy identity with African heritage and so forth. I told them that I couldn't possibly discuss that with him because that week, why I was wearing my hair like that. Of course, a kind of race left people to discuss that with me, but that's not really where it's at. It's my head at all because my hair could just as easily be straightened. There are a lot of things happening down the political line. There are a lot of things that the hair does do.

How are your relationships with the black activist groups in London. Are they a preacher you or have you wanted to do something with them?

It's very strange. They approached me on a very private and beautiful level. Really something from the black power group came up to me and said, "We're doing a show, can you come?" and "We're having a meeting, can you come?" and I went down to see what was happening. I went down in fact because I wanted to see up a corner for black children in London. I had that query in Berkeley. I thought that I could be it with the Movement and that the way it might help, but when I got to the meeting I just felt that it was going to take so much time and energy to make them aware of the danger I wasn't a danger and that I wasn't coming from the Movement — our Movement — that I just didn't get into it. I found the vibrant, very funny at that meeting. I was treated like an outsider and I didn't expect that. I just knew I expected that being black. I would be treated like everybody else in the world.

Was the reason that you were treated like an outsider that you had made it or that you know. Perhaps it was the fact that you had made it and you were from the white world. I mean, I mean I really understand that I was treated like I was but I did feel that I felt some strange attitude toward

"They think someone coming to England, really just, but just as well, really, in your recent opinion, that they really dig England more than the States and that they feel more like a paradise here. What do you think of that sort of statement?"

I think they feel that way because they don't really live here. Unfortunately really everywhere in the world there's this really blind prejudice. I like the girl when I first arrived here that once arrived, but as soon as you start looking for a flat, as soon as you start talking about anything as soon as people start asking you also, I mean about your hair, about the history of your being, you realize that there are great prejudices existing in almost everybody's mind.

You find this less now or not. I mean for you at the moment?

My position is really very strange because I feel that before Englishmen identify me with being black they first identify me with being American. You know. Perhaps if I were West Indian or something I would get would be totally, but totally different. But when you get into the working class and the middle class society you find that all the prejudices are the same. In fact, because I lived in Berkeley, I find more here than there. I think the prejudice in England is different because nobody really discusses it. Unlike the States really even but nobody does anything about it. Discrimination is something in an accepted form and it is something that everybody is very conscious about and refuses to discuss. They try to throw it off as being irrelevant or whatever. I can't understand the English position on the racial situation at all, but there is, definitely, a very strong problem here, which I think makes the black position here worse than in America. At least we're getting out there and discussing it at least we're heading over it.

What's discussed here is always in Robert Powell's terms, too, that's the level of discussion.

Oh, exactly. Unfortunately there's somebody in this position. It's something you talk down and have seemingly none of public opinion with him and yet there's no black back lash. There's no liberal back lash anybody seems to get upset about it. I think you can make these statements and suddenly blow him off the face of the earth. I don't understand it.

Vogue magazine had some beautiful pictures of you a while back. Is there little photo taken about you are a girlfriend, as if you were some kind of man then. The more now do you feel about that sort of thing? Did also about the way it fit you at all with anything on WDC for Black — Civil Liberties, which probably was a mistake. Yeah, there was a mistake in that before that happened I wish I wish either to support all my work before they went out. I mean, that Vogue as it happened because you Connolly did an article about me in the Evening Standard and the

realities were that I was in the poorest neighborhood in London. Unfortunately I can't get a passport about the next two years because it doesn't seem real to me. If they were talking about money, there would be some very heavy anti-inflationary money, but we don't make anything. The word has no real connotations for us. It's just some kind of thing. The only reason I was opposed to them calling me a song was because I realize that in this country the word is used adversely against dark-skinned people. That's what made me stop. Whenever male that ad had a lot of kidding to cope with from me because of it.

Four friends only. Well as Ghid Spinetti — you know Dr. John's wife, she wrote that and made it into a real record. I love it.

Left the White wedding show at 11 and I got

to the studio in a cab, and found that there was a group in the studio so I had to wait for another hour and so by the time it happened I was really uptight and I even have song that, looking back about twenty times, I realized I was getting very uptight about something I really believed in, so I sat in this room for an hour and I was, "No it was ridiculous. I always wrote when I'm relaxing, cigarette, and I couldn't smoke because there was no ventilation, I couldn't sleep because it was too hot. It didn't work with my clothes off, so I put my clothes back on, it still didn't work so I decided to sit down and calm down, and get into the notion of the poem, which to me was a very spiritual thing.

It sounds like a lost frame. No. Three years ago I sent these two Americans who said that they had had a sense and that there were spirits in their house. I went over there laughing to prove how wrong they were about houses and spirits and that whole thing happened and even then I hate had great communication with something that's with me all the time, and that's how I eventually got into the song.

When the song was recorded by me it had nothing to do with voodoo, it had to do with something that I have that's greater than that. Because when I think of voodoo I think of poisonous snakes, you know, and what I did with that record had written in the lyrics, but not in the song at all.

You were talking before about the whole pop scene in terms of the supernatural.

I think, while it's true, what is a super-star? If someone does that sort of thing I'm going to be freak out, because I should think the people who are called super-stars are considered super-stars simply because they play their instruments very well, but to even allow themselves to be associated with that label takes a hell of a lot out of it.

The real super-stars have very little to do with that label. Yeah, I guess you're right, I mean, nobody calls I a super star.

But he is a star. You're power, he's like, in my heart and in everybody else's I don't know. There's little happening in the business at the moment. Things are stagnant. I don't mean that in anybody's back yard somebody isn't creating something beautiful, something new, something really fresh — or what: they're doing now is to go out going around superstars, and superstars don't exist. As soon as you call yourself a star, you're really taking yourself seriously and it's you.

I mean, your music is a lot more exciting.

I don't know, I seem to keep the tagline, "everybody thinks that I don't know that I don't want to hear a whole lot of money." A lot of money we have because we're making away from the industry. I left the University of California because I was really of students and I got here to find that that's exactly what you did it to you. I mean to do a job, and that's what we aren't good enough for you. And you can't go out of the house without any more up because of your case. I don't have any more because one day we had to go to fall out.

THAT'S NOT WHATY'ALL, KIMBLE, KIMBLE. Hoot playing with White. That's the company of two smoothie singers.

I'd rather call myself Mabel. Mabel Hoot. I'm not kidding. I'm a smoothie singer. That's what I want to be. Which is like the same as my mother gave me because she couldn't think of a better one. I don't get involved with that. It's very hard to explain, but some of that is real, some of that is why I came here. I'm just happy to know that I'm not a Berkeley any more. Look it because I was becoming to me every thing that the anarchist philosophers and they didn't want to become a part of. Like the Free Speech Movement, we were playing the to state, and before we knew it, like within three weeks, we had countermeasures, and sub-countermeasures and anti-subcountermeasures and the sub-countermeasures to the sub-countermeasures. And I thought, "Well this definitely isn't happening" and I came over here to breathe again. It's frightening when I think I might slip back into that thing again.

How do you find you're fighting it? How do you try not to slip into it? It's one just keep laughing, you know. If people can get good reactions from my songs, from what I do because I'm happy.

I'm sad, that's a new thing, but as soon as I get involved in something what I think they want to be. I'm going to be in a very bad way and I hope that I won't get there. If I'm in coming, I'm going to quit again.

